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I. M. GEORGE & CO., L. M. GEORGE. J. L. HARDING COMMISSION MERCHANTS in butter, cheese, eggs, beans, poultry, maple sogal and syrup. Also dealers in Foreign and Domes-tie Fruits. Consignments solicited and orders solicited, 114 South Market St., BOSTON, Mass.

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Office open Sundays from 12 to 1 r. M. for
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make engagements by mall in advance.

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A purely herbal remedy which contains no minerals or poisonous drugs, for the treatment of all diseases of the sands, who suffer hopelessly, and are treated ineffectually, might be traced directly to disordered Liver and Kidneys, and cured by the proper remedies, applied to the root of the disease. The following testimonial is one of undreds received, as confirmation of the curative properties of our remedy sician of 25 years' actual practice, but prescribed by over 6000 physicians. For sale by all druggists at 81 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5. Dr. Royce's Journal

St. Johnsbury, Vt., July 5, 1887.

Dr. Royce—bear Sir: One year age 1 was compelled to cancel my preaching engagements in consequence of weakness of voice attended with much suffering. I continued in this condition for eight months, unable to attend to my ministerial duties and no encouragement that I should be able to resume my labors. Dr. Royce being in town I applied for medical treatment, and find myself wholly cured, voice full strength, and relieved of suffering. It affords me great pleasure to bear testimenty to the redlem theets from treatment received, and shall always recomend Dr. Royce to all who are suffering, no matter what the trouble may be or how many doctors you have tried in vain. Call on the content of the conten

friend and a skillful physician. Rev. M. C. Hendenson ST. ALBANS, VT., Nov. 18, 1887. DR. ROYCE,

DEAR SIR: - I want to let the people know what
your medicine has done for me. I was a great
sufferer from catarrh and bronchitis; there sufferer from catarrh and bronchitis; there was a roaring noise in my head all the time and a constant cough, with droppings in the throat. I began to fear I was running into consumption. I had tried so many physicians, and so much patent medicine, I was clear discouraged. A friend persuaded me to try your Herbal Romedy. I done so with no faith whatever, but the first bottle convinced me that it had the true nierit. My cough is entirely cured, the roaring in my head is all gone, and I know I am on the road to rapid recovery, and I cannot express my thankfulness, and I would say to any sufferer, try this great Herbal Remedy.

Yours respectfully.

Mrs. Ellen Howe.

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P, S.—Correspondence solicited by us or to E. W. Royce, M. D., Springfield,



Special Bargains for this Month.

To make room for Fall and Winter Goods. Now is the time to buy Clothing. P.ints and Ginghams must go, like-

wise all Summer Goods, Fans, Parasols, &c. Just received a large line of Ladies and Gentlemen's Neckwear. For Boots, Shoes, and Groceries go to

Welch & Farrington, Johnson.

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FALL and WINTER.

1890-1891. NEW CLOAKS, JACKETS, SEAL PLUSH SACQUES & CAPES.

Our first invoice of New Fall and Winter Garments

For Ladies, Misses and Children,

E. J. Hall.

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Last arrived. We shall be pleased to show our new stock, for we feel confident it will bear comparison in styles and prices with any in the State. Some very choice styles and novelties in CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

D. N. HUTCHIN'S,

NEW FALL DRESS GOODS.

We open this week a large line of latest styles in French and German Dress Fabrics, Plaids, Stripes, and all the new shades in plain Serges, Henriettas, Belgium Broad Cloths, Flannels, &c.; also a much larger assortment of BLACK DRESS GOODS than ever before.

Scotch Yarns, Germantown Yarns, Saxony Yarns, Johnson, Vt. and a full line of colors in Pearl's Johnson Yarns.

Geo. K. Currier, Morrisville.

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MANUFACTURED BY -

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FINE CONFECTIONERY

Formerly of Stowe, Vt.; recently of New York City; regular graduated Physician and Surgeon. Gives special attention to the treatment of chronic and nervous diseases; ten years' experience in the regular practice of medicine and surgery in the City of New York; also Hospital and Dispensary Experience. Highest New York City references and country testimonials furnish.

Call on H. N. GRAY for Your STOVE PIPE, ELBOWS, and TIN-WARE

Any Kind of Repair Work Pertaining to the Tin Business and your work will be done up in a neat, workmanlike manner and our charges will be as low as

---- OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, AND FOR ----

We carry the Lufkin, 76. Yankee, Morrisville, Wizard, Patrick, and all of the other leading plows in the parket; also repairs for all kinds of plows. Upon the health of these organs, depends the health of every organ of the DO YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE?

You know we are head-quarters. Whole Stock Calt Boots, \$1.50. Nice Kip Boots, Tap and Sole, \$2. Good Congress Shoes. \$1.25. 1:y our Nox-Em-All children, youths and boys' School Shoes. [F-Mill runs Tuesday for Custom Work. Eggs 20 cents per dozen. H. N. GRAY, CAMBRIDGE, VT.

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New Pants and New Furnishings at the

LOWEST PRICES!

Ever shown in Lamoille Co. MORRISVILLE. VERNONZ Call at the Clothing Store, Champeau Block, and see if it is not so.

O. M. WATERMAN, Morrisville VIOLINS & A SPECIALTY GUITARS & (O. BOSTON)



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A Full Line of

FRUITS & CONFECTIONERY

Morrisville, Vt.

Also a good assortment of TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES,

- AND -GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS. Tobaccos, Pipes, Cigars, &c., all at

owest cash prices. A full stock of the H. C. Baldwin Shingles constantly on hand.

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COMPANY.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.00

The Company confines its business to the care and investment of Savings Depesits and Trust Funds.

'unds Six Months or longer, 5 per cent. Year Coupon Savings Bonds, 6 per cent. Year Coupon Savings Bonds, 5 per cent. Joupons will be paid at any Bank in New Eng-

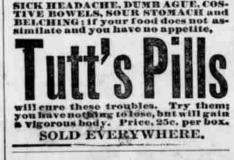
This Company has many advantages over other savings institutions. The officers and di-rectors are well-known business men. The Company offers a fair rate of interest, with the assurance of perfect safety. Information given or will be sent on application.

Directors and Advisory Board.

The Company is now issuing the second series of 5 and 6 per cent. Savings Bonds amounting to \$50,000.00 in sums of \$100 and over. The Bonds speak for themselves, as the first \$50,000.00 was issued in Six Months. No Bank can give better security than the Bonds. ALBERT JOHONOTT. FRED L. EATON, FRED BLANCHARD.

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WILL MAKE HENS LAY Roup and Cholera.

A small sum expended for it will returnany times the cost in the increased protection of Eggs. Sold by Seedsmen, bruggists, and General Dears. 1 lb. Pkg. 25c. 25 lb. Pkg. 50c. 5 lb. Pkg. \$1.00. 1 lb. Pkg. sent by mall for 40c.



L. B. LORD, Propr., BURLINGTON, VT.

Boom New England.

WEWS AND GITIZEN

A VERMONTERS'S EXPERIENCE IN DAKOTA. I left the green hills of Vermont I left the green fills of vermont
A year ago last spring;
I had saved a little money,
And I thought 'twould be the thing
To go out west and buy a farm,
'And work with might and main;
Get rich as Gould or Vanderbilt
And then come back again.

And now I'm back in Old Vermont,
I've learned a lesson, too.
I cannot tell you half the ills
And troubles I've been through.
My pocket-book is empty,
And I haven't got a thing
To show for all I've suffered since

A year ago last spring. I have read about Dakota
With its mighty fields of grain,
And of the balmy rephyrs
That were wafted o'er its plain About its gentle showers, And pleasant fields of snow, And therefore to Dakota I made up my mind to go.

I bought a farm and built a house.
I sowed my field with grain.
And waited for the teleby's

Countle talk of 12/.
Thus not have to wait in vain. For on one summer's day There came a gentle zephyr And it blew my house away. I watched my fields of growing grain,

And figured o'er and o'er
The bounteous gain that I should have,
A hundred fold or more.
The gold for which I'd sell my grain
The mortgage I would pay.
Alas! The "hoppergrasses" came
And carried it away. The chills and fever then jumped in.
And stayed with me till fall;
Then shortly Mr. Blizzard came

And made a friendly call.

He brought those pleasant falls of snow,
And kindly buried me
So deep that for a week or more
The sun I did not see. Before that dreary winter passed I nearly starved to death,

And in the spring I gathered up What few things I had left; And so-by working on the way— At last, worn out and gaunt, I found myself ones more—thank God! Again in Old Vermont. That farm is in the same old place,

If it hasn't blown away, And anyone can have it

If the mortgage they will pay. But to the young men of Vermont My kind advice would be, Stick to the green New England hills,
They're good enough for me,
—[Bellows Falls Times.

Sally Patterson.

From a peak of the Alleghanies one upon a hill and almost surrounded by a river that is famous in song. In the days when a canal connected these with a railroad which crossed the mountains Harburg was a place of int- thing, and I asked them all not to in-

Of its gay society Sally Donnelly was the belle. She was tall and slender. Her bright eyes, rich complexion, ready wit and graceful manners made her the most attractive young woman in the town. Her teeth were very white, and she being a brunette used them in smile street. She was an outcast. Her faand laugh with startling effect. One evening at a ball John Patter-

civil engineer, stationed at Harburg, Savings Investment and he was handsome and his ability to master a difficult problem in mathematics was wonderful, but he could no they made excuse. more have figured to a nicety on an estimate of a woman than he could have told what the moon's back is made of. Like all men of his kind he fell in love without calculation. Sally Donnelly simply bewitched him. He loved her with such devotion that his the sidewalk where Sally's furniture wooing was irresistible, and to the astonishment of the gossips of Harburg it was soon announced that John

> and Sally were engaged. Gossips would not believe she would marry him. Sally Donnelly had led society to regard her as a person without heart, and no one thought her serious in engaging herself to John Patterson. However, they were soon married, and moved into a brick house at the foot of Main street. From his porch John could see the packets come on the canal and the trains go out on the railroad. In his residence, called by the people of Harburg "the big brick," Sally entertained lavishly. Her receptions were the grandest Harburg had seen, and she was courted by everybody. Her extravagance was freely commented upon, but her resources were supposed to be great, for John Patterson was believed to be rich. Some happy years passed, and then came a cloud upon John Patterson's brow. His house was big, his wife

beautiful, and he was seemingly successful in his business, but the voices that sounded in his dwelling were alien. He wished that children of his, born in his house, shouted in its halls, frolicked in its pariors and gladdened the feasts in its dining room. It would have made him laugh to see a child of his break a piece of china that all the housewives in Harburg coveted. But his wish was not gratified, and the cloud

on his brow grew blacker. And in the shadow on his browcame wrinkle, but his wife heeded neither wrinkle nor cloud. She was engrossed with the preparations for a reception that was to be magnificent. At night she lay awake designing her toilet, which she meant should be a marvel. She asked her husband to draw a curve for the drapery of the skirt of her dress, and he obligingly made one of sharp declivity. She thanked him, but did

"It is too precipitous," she said. "Perhaps not," he replied. It was not, if considered a prophecy, for there is a swiftness in law process that is startling; like the "presto" of a magician it works its changes sud-

A week or more after her reception

Mrs. Patterson was "returning" some calls. She learned that her reception had been a great success. It had taught Harburg society the value of flowers in house decoration. As for her toilet it was pronounced a miracle. From listening to such flattery Mrs. Patterson returned to her home with radiant face and sparkling eyes. She bird, and looking at the steps ran up by — you can!" them like a young girl. When she handbill tacked on the panel. Angrily was wrong of me to come. I am so she tore it down, and without looking sorry. at it crumpled it in her hand to throw it on the pavement. Then her sense of

it in the waste basket. She paused a moment in the parlor. hand, on which glistened her wedding

read it. She was able, however, to learn from it that her household goods were for sale, having been seized by the sheriff.

H O'Hinde, 11mbo

"John!" she impulsively called; and then she remembered that he had gone over the mountains to survey a tract of land. She sank on the sofa and tried to think. Her lips were drawn and her teeth showed their tips as she recalled the shadow that had been on his brow growing blacker daily, and the paper in her hand made clear the cause of it. She lifted the legal notice and read it carefully. It bore every mark of genuineness, and advertised for sale all the personal property of

door, she called a servant. "Who put this paper on the door, Margaret?" "The sheriff, ma'am; and he wouldn't mind me tellin' him not to."

"That is all Margaret."
The servant went back to the kitchen and Mrs. Patterson hastened to her room. Sitting down at her desk she wrote a letter to John and inclosed in it the handbill. Two or three days betore the time appointed for the sale she received a note from John, who promised to fix everything when he came back. She showed the note to the sheriff, and was surprised when he did

not heed it. A mob invaded her parlors, surged into her dining room and stormed through her bed chambers. All the while the auctioneer clamored, talking as if he had consulted a dictionary for adjectives with which to describe the articles under his hammer. The bidders were eager and prices ran high. Before her eyes her furniture was sold and taken away from Mrs. Patterson, whose only remark to each buyer was: "Be careful of that. Mr. Patterson will come back soon and fix every-

thing; then I shall want that back." No one laughed at her, but when the sale was over and all her household goods, save the necessary things exempted by law for the debtor, were carried off by the purchasers she was spend it on you. no longer Mrs. Patterson to the resithen as Sally Patterson, but neither asked, rather sharply. can see the town of Harburg, built ignorant of the loss of her position in to maintain it. society, wrote a full account of the sale

> "I know just who bought everyjure anything, so we could have our furniture and china back when you returned and settled the debt."

In a few weeks the sheriff came again, and sold the house in which she still lived. Then she was dispossessed and her scanty furniture set out in the ther and her mother were dead, and she had no relatives to whom to apson was introduced to her. He was a peal for aid. Going to a hotel she asked for shelter until Mr. Patterson came back, but it was refused her, and as for those who had once courted her

> "She is crazy. It would not be safe to house her.' When night fell a man, who was reputed brutal and coarse, swore at the people of Harburg-cursed them for their inhumanity. Alone he went to sat and carried it on his shoulder to a little house located on some lots of his. "Stay here, Mrs. Patterson, till your

> husband comes back," he said, when he had put her things to rights. She thanked him and took possession of the low, two roomed house. of their brilliance.

herself. None, except perhaps now looked at him in pity. allowed her to attend the church in and will soon come back." which she had once rented a pew. Although living alone she preserved went away heavy hearted.

mean to drive her out."

Patterson to return?" "I'm not, but his wife is, and she can wait for him right where she is." stood to the county authorities, who The man was sitting on his front veedge she had of it was from the break- proved to be a monster rat pursued by women fighting hand to hand in any ed tongue that has been well boiled. the jail. She was frightened, and yet house, where the rat eluded the snake an honest competence. Her touch is broken yolk of an egg and give it a could not believe that Bill would break his word to her.

"Never fear, Mrs. Patterson," he said kindly, when she came to him for information. "I said you could stay alighted from her carriage nimbly as a in that house till John came back, and "Oh, Mr. McDonough!" she exgrasped the door knob she noticed a claimed. "I tempted you to swear! It

made him uneasy. Lifting a bony

dwelt for a second on the torn dress, fantastic with its patches of various colors, and paused upon the feet, shod with shoes which a man had once worn and thrown into the street. Then he

"I am sorry I done it, Mrs. Patter-

"I am glad you are, Mr. McDonough, and I hope you will not swear again.' "I won't, Mrs. Patterson." Pleased with his promise, and believing he would keep it, as he had the other one he had made her, she went back to her home without fear to watch

One day, seized with an idea, he John Patterson. To the bill was anwent to Sally's house and knocked on nexed a partial list of the articles the door. She invited him in, but he seized. Dragging herself to the hall declined to enter. "I only came to ask, if I send you some new clothes, if you would wear

the building of the jail.

them, Mrs. Patterson?' "I would, Mr. McDonough, if you will let John pay for them when he

the clutches of the law, but now he desired to appear decorous, in an endeavor to link himself with respectability by making Sally his wife. She was gentle, kind and refined, despite the many years of her poverty, and with her as a companion his old age might be full of happiness. The wish had been slow in forming in him. It was born of his loneliness, and for a long time was not formulated in his mind, but suddenly it made itself clear, and immediately he acted in a diplomatic manner to accomplish its fulfillment. He was not taken aback, however, by her wish to have the benefits he meant to confer upon her charged to John. "I've long been intendin' to tell you,

Mrs. Patterson, that I owe John money, and as he doesn't come to settle I'll "How long have you known that dents of Harburg. They spoke of her | you owed my husband money?" Sally

enviously nor admiringly, as they had Bill began to feel uncomfortable over once done of Sally Donnelly. She, the lie he was telling, but he determined

to her husband. Among other things was no settlement, as I said, and I don't know how much it is." duced it very much," Selly said, with leader in musical circles.

> your landlord." Sally, who was skeptical of his honesty. He was ready with an answer. "You did by rebukin' me for swear-

hurtin' me ever since, and I have quit Sally clasped her hands and exclaimed: "I am glad, so glad! John never

Bill delayed to learn what repairs Miss Winslow's duty as eldest daugh- er, who, even in the limit of a simple the house needed, and then left, say- ter kept her at the bedside of her farmer-village, kept the horizon open Harburg was astounded when Sally

ing outside for the ringing of the sec-In her repaired and refurnished house Her landlord never called upon her for she took great pleasure, and kept it in rent while the years passed as she good order. Pride in personal appearwaited for John's return. The smoke ance led her to stand many minutes from her fire curled up to the sky, and before the mirror every day, looking the soot seemed to settle on her face, for traces of her former beauty. Her for it grew darker until it was almost hair was black as ever, her eyes were black. Her teeth shone more bright still brilliant, but her lips would curl ly than they did in the days of her so- and expose her teeth. Only by effort has not a touch of Marietta Holley's cial eminence, and her eyes lost none could she make her lips meet-left to

themselves they separated. A crook came in her back, yet her | Society began to marvel and praise heart was not bowed down, for it was Bill for his humanity in rescuing the of T. B. Aldrich in its telling, and the held up by hope. Her abiding faith in poor woman from insanity. He was well-executed surprise of its ending. John's promise to fix everything when | modest, accepted the flattery with behe got back, and her treasuring of the coming humility, and waited for the er's home after Mrs. Winslow's death, note, which was evidence of it, led time when he could tell her the wish of and then came the chance, upon her people to say she was crazy. In no his heart. When that time came he father's second marriage, to fulfill her other way did she manifest symptoms tremblingly put on his best suit and wish to come to Boston and begin to of insanity. She was harmless and called upon Mrs, Patterson. In a few write and study in earnest. wandered about alone chattering to words he asked her to marry him. She

and then an impish child, annoyed her. "I could, Mr. McDonough, if I were Winslow makes a home life simple and The community pitied her and in an not still young and looking for John to attractive. Her special fondness is apologetic way provided for her, even return. He has not been gone long, for eats, and so really intimate are "Well, I can wait," said Bill and

the purity of her English. Her words That day he journeyed westward. were distinctly enunciated, but her He soon got on the track of John Patvoice gradually became hoarse. Her terson and traced him to the end. It once shapely hands became crooked was a sad story, ending with a suicide, and soiled in gathering coal and wood. and when Bill stood on the grave of The coarse man who was her land- the man for whom a hopeful woman lord was offered a fair price for all of was waiting patiently his eyes filled his lots one day, but he refused to sell with tears and a sob choked him, and the one on which Sally's little house he made a vow to care for her until she died without ever speaking to her of "Sally believes I'll leave her there John or again asking her to be his wife. till her husband turns up, and I don't He died before she did and made provision for her in his will, but her grati-The would-be buyer said rather scorn- tude to him did not win her from the memory of John.-A. L. Kinkead in of American factory life. The result "I hope you're not looking for John New York Ledger.

A Cocoa citizen witnessed one day an

purchased them for the site of the new randa when his attention was attracted the Bohemian life of Boston. In- onion and parsley fine and mix all jail. He did not think it necessary to to a swiftly moving object approaching deed, Miss Winslow seems to linger together. tell her of the sale, and the first knowl- the house. On closer inspection it most sympathetically with young Tongue Toast.-Take a cold smoking of ground for the foundations of a coachwhip. They dashed under the profession or trade for existence and mince it fine, mix it with cream and among some empty orange boxes. - always true, and she finds better simmer over the fire. Having grated Florida Letter. Very Deferential. "Mr. Dolley is a very deferential

was a little boy."-West Shore. As she stood before him she was al- baby caterpillar.

most a caricature of a woman. Her sheet of paper into the house to throw her gentle rebuke went to his heart and tenpillar.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER. The following article, from "Daughters of America," concerning Helen M. Winslow, a former resident of Johnson, will interest many of our readers .- [ED.

have absolutely sprinkled a dozen newspapers, and occasionally found a corner in Demorest's, for years. But when you are fortunate enough to know her, then you realize that one cannot trust one's eyes always, and that the verses do express just

the sweet, true, delicate nature that s the real woman. Just to look at, Helen Winslow is a roman unusually tall, the eldest of four tall sisters, the youngest of whom looks like a stately white lily. But Miss Winslow is large as well as tall, in a way that makes her, as she

comes into the sunshine of my study corner, a rather imposing figure in the fong, fur-trimmed wrap. Her face ting a sharp rap at common foibles This was not the reply he had hoped and brown hair miss brightness in in her verses, as in "The Text Apfor. It had dawned upon him that if their coloring, but her gray eyes are he improved Sally's surroundings she direct and honest, and her mouth as would become her old self again, and firm as it is cheerful in its ready smile, then he could ask her to marry him, while a grasp of Helen Winslow's without creating a sensation among the | hand means "a friend while you are gossips of Harburg. At one time of true to yourself." Some women are his life he had not cared what was "for always," even if we ourselves said of him, so long as he kept out of fail and disappoint them. But Miss Winslow seems too much "realfolks' herself to be able to overlook or comprehend very great weakness in oth-

> She expressed it for me in one of the first poems that I ever saw of hers, called Over All. If I could see a light ahead-

Could know the ships I sent to sea Were blown by Fortune's gale towards me I could believe in matters great or small, God watcheth over all. O selfish heart! ans't though not see the nobler part? To bear with patience sure defeat. o upward climb with stubborn feet, a spite of disappointment's iron thrall? For God is over all!'"

field, Vermont, a quiet, picturesque town, near Lake Memphremagog, on the Canada line. She is the ninth generation in direct descent from Kenelm Winslow, brother of Governor Winslow of the Plymouth Colony. The Saturday Evening Gazette. Be-Her great-grandmother Wins- sides doing work on almost every low was Abigail Adams, Good, staunch, Puritan blood all around. "Ever since he went away; but there with the family to live in Greenfield, al of Education, Wide Awake Magn-

"Some, but there's enough owin' to of Prof. Emerson and Wulf Fries the she write?" him yet to make you comfortable—buy venerable celloist, and a pupil of Five years she wrote as regular coryou new clothes and furniture. I'll fix Lowell Mason, a composer of church up the house as I ought to do, bein' music-many of his anthems are still Press, besides a large amount of sumfavorites. He was also a member of mer correspondence. It has all been "What woke your conscience?" asked | the first English Opera Company or | quietly done. The brief space obliges ganized in this country.

in' that day. My conscience has been an only brother who met a tragic as it has for a few years, to know pared to enter college.

ing he would send the carpenters the mother until her death of old-fash- to her children, toward which their ioned consumption. appeared on the streets in a new dress | Josiah Allen's wife, is not only ex- life of the latest cut. It was on a Sunday, pressed in the "Aunt Philury Paand she went to church as usual, hap pers," written years ago, but crops low, "to the time when I shall own pily conscious that all eyes were fast out in New England tales full of vigor the old homestead in the town where ened upon her when she passed through and charm. When Aunt Philury my grandfather, old 'Squire Winslow, the crowd of loungers who were wait. takes Johnson Winter, her partner, to task for stopping a serenade by throwing out a box of Paris Green

> scene is contagiously funny. "Have you swallowed anything, Flavius?" says I.

of that nature!" "Jack," a story published, one of many, in "Every Other Saturday," style, however, but is a most bewitching summer story, told in letters between two girl friends, with a flavor Two years of attention to her fath-

In Roxbury, a Boston suburbeasily accessible, with her three sisters, Miss her relations with her pets that her anecdotes, told in and out of print, of their curious intelligence and traits

would fill a volume. The new life was a change and a relief from the cramping atmosphere of

a small town. The "Aunt Philury" papers alluded to, were some of her first serious atempts at her profession, and were written for The Yankee Blade, which was under the editorship of Col. Albert Clarke at that time, after the late Justin Jones had made it a famous sensational sheet. Her first serial story was written for the same weekly, whose editor sent Miss Winslow to Lowell to make a special study was called "The Shawsheen Mills," lately republished in The Yankee

a girl-artist's struggle and success in and cut in small pieces. Chop the working material in humanity and or cut off the crusts, toast very nicely the real than in mere flights into some slices of bread, and then butter ideal possibilities.

Did," "The Fresh-Air Girl," "What My Plush Chair Did," "Nell's Idea," BLUEBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One and "The T. B. R. Society." But others, a half cups of butter, one cup of sug-Tommy—Sis, here's a little fuzzy like "Kip," in The American Teach- ar, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, paby caterpillar. Kittie (severely)-Oo mustn't call cles," in Demorest's Magazine, or teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one neatness prevailed upon her to take the dress was torn, her face was dirty, but that a caterpillar. It's only a 'ittle kit- "Nixie," in The Sunday Republican, pint of berries, washed. If eaten hot, are crisp and full of quaint humor make a sauce of cream and sugar, or and pathos.

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keep her special place among writer of to-day. Listen to this opening of her

Pours forth a flood of melody The sky above, as blue as he, might expect to see if you read only the dainty and soulful verses which Summer is coming and Spring is here!"

'Spring Song":-

The bluebird from the apple-tree

I long to give you every word of this joyous verse, but I have space for only a bit or two:-"A tender mist upon the hills. The waking of a hundred rills!"

One can hear the spring awake in those lines, and then she closes with such a human cry of exultation:-

"The song triumphant, we almost hear-Spring eternal at last is here!" "At Christmas-tide" was purchasd, and reprinted as one of their most popular booklets, by Carter and Karrick of Boston last year, and in 1890,

plied," where the baby quotes scrip-

Say, as I, or some other; He the text would have known

Was to guide him alone-And not to apply to his mother." Inher poem of "April," the sun and shine and sparkling caprice of that month of months is given us in a manner all its own. And "August" glows in warm midsummer redund-

ance of word-coloring. "In shining blue, the aster wild Unfolds her petals fair; The clematis upreaching, seeks To clusp and kiss the nir."

The dusty thistle by the road, Scatters his silvery spray; The sun pours down his scorching beams Upon the fainting day."

I hate to leave these charming poems to fall into prosaic details of where Helen Winslow earned that actual and sure income without which the poet's feet would go cold for lack Helen Winslow was born in West- of fire and the heart have no time nor mpulse to sing. Her first newspaper work was done on The Boston Transcript, later she became one of the regular staff of The Advertiser, leaving this she went to

Christian at Work, The Interior, While an infant, Helen was taken | Drake's Magazine, Demorest's, Johnn-Mass., her mother's home, and later | zine, Youth's Companion, Cottage for a long residence at St. Albans, Hearth. All these, and many more, "I suppose the rent I owe you has re- Vermont, where her father was a were her mediums to the public ear; and yet with all these thousands of Mr. Winslow was a tellow-student | readers one may hear-"What does

> me to omit mention of much work The mother a scholar, linguist and that has told, in histories similar to teacher, had a talent for verse, as had this one, when the public demanded, death, being drowned while bathing more of the entities hidden behind the in Lamoille river, just as he was pre- writings of this and that favorite author. Educated in Vermont schools and Very happily for this young womprepared in its normal school for a an, she was made ready for her presprofession for which she had no taste, ent life by a wise and educated moth-

> thoughts and hopes might break A certain quaint humor, rivaling away from their narrow every-day still lives at ninety years of age. When that time comes, I shall spend the greater part of the year there, over the daughter's lover, the whole where some of my people have lived

> ever since the town was first settled. Helen Winslow is a true and sincere writer, and appeals to the great heart "No, ma'am," says he, "nothin of every day people like you and me, as I fear the immortals never can. writings, as she sends out to make the world brighter and better in a simple fashion, clothed in beauty chaste and true.

"My canary sings the whole day long, Behind his gilded bars, Shut in from all that birds enjoy Under the sun and stars; The freedom, grace and action line Of wild birds, he foregoes, But spite of that, with happiness His little heart o'erflows. The world is wide: And birds outside In happy cheer always abide. Why couldn't I?"

on the contrary; yet, as in all sweetest poetry, the next verse breathes a I, too, must dwell behind the bars. Of toil and sacrifice, From heavy heart and weary brain My prayer or songs arise; But all around sad hearts abound,

Helen Winslow is not a sad woman,

If I can hide erowding tears and sing beside-Why shouldn't I?" Selected Recipes.

done, take up and place in glass jars. Boil the syrup low, pour over and tatoes, boiled with the skins on, one small white onion, two teaspoonfuls "A Bohemian Chapter," published of olive oil, pepper and salt and a lit-After awhile McDonough sold the exciting race between a big rat and a in the "Boston Beacon," four sum- tle parsley, one-half cup of weak vinlots east of the one on which her house snake of the variety called coachwhip. mers ago, was a clever serial story of egar. After potatoes are cold, peel

> them very slightly. Lay them in a Her stories would fill two large vol. flat dish that has been heated before man," remarked Amy to her mother. umes, and many give in their titles a the fire, and cover each slice of toast "Yes," assented the old lady, "he's clue to their practical trend: "Nora's differed with everybody ever since he Experiment," "The Way His Mother spread on hot. This is a nice break-

> > simply sugar over.

She paused a moment in the parlor. There, on the scene of her recent social success, she was softened. Her anger melted away, and curiosity led her to open the paper, probably the lampoon of some envious person who had boldly tacked it on her door. As she ran her eyes over the page the text began to grow confined, and she could scarcely

And troubles worse than mine, If aught of comtort I can bring To them, shall I repine? God's world is wide; Pear Preserves .- Pare, cut in halves, core and weigh; allow threequarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Make syrup and drop the fruit in it. Cook slowly; when